

## Star Trek: Operation Subversion

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Summary: It's the beginning of the Dominion war and the Federation is being beaten back. Starfleet command has come up with a new operation that may just give an edge to the Federation. Operation Subversion plans to send several ships behind enemy lines to disrupt supplies and troop movements. LCDR Langley commands one of these ships and he will soon learn what it will take to win a war.

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#### Chapter 1: The Decision

He tapped the call button to the Captain's Ready Room. Why does the Captain want to see me? It couldn't be about my.. "Come in" he heard from the Ready Room. Lieutenant Langley entered the Captain's Ready Room. Captain Enri's Ready Room was well furnished with several models and artwork depicting the past ships he had served on and all of the past ships that bore the name South Dakota. The first painting was of the USS South Dakota ACR-9, a Pennsylvania class armored cruiser that served during Earth's First World War. Second was the most famous ship bearing the name South Dakota, aka as Battleship X. The USS South Dakota BB-57, a South Dakota class battleship that served with great honor during Earth's Second World War and fought in several battles in the Pacific Theater of that old war. The third painting is of the World War 3 Virginia class submarine which was used as a nuclear deterrent for the other nations but sadly had to fire its nukes during that bloody war. The last painting was of the current Akira class starship that currently holds the name of South Dakota.

"Give me a second Lieutenant Langley." Captain Enri said. His blue antenna dipped in the Andorian fashion of anger. It must be about the war. The Captain didn't have to tell us how badly the Federation was doing against the Dominion. It's been only a couple of days since Seventh Fleet was massacred by the Dominion in the Tyra system. Only

14 ships out of 112 survived the attack. I lost five fellow classmates of the Starfleet Academy graduating class of 2365 and three friends I knew from other ships and posts. From the mood of the ship, you could tell that every crewmember had at least one friend in that fleet who didn't come back.

"Alright, sorry to keep you waiting Lieutenant. Please sit down." I sat down at the nearest chair to the Captain's desk. "Admiral Ross has contacted me recently," Oh crap he knows now. "And he tells me that you have refused a promotion to Lieutenant Commander and a command of a new starship. I would like to know your reasoning for the refusal Lieutenant."

I sighed. "Yes sir I did refuse the Admiral's proposal."

"So you know about the operation he is proposing?"

"No sir, he just told me that he had something planned that would greatly assist the Federation in the war effort."

"So once again we are back to the same question of why you refused the ship."

"Well sir, it's because this ship, this crew needs me. I can't protect her and my friends when I'm off serving in another ship. If anyone died, if my friends died, I would never forgive myself for being absent. That is why I refused the ship."

"Ah thank you for your honesty Langley. I have to say I am touched for your loyalty and dedication to this ship and fellow crewmembers. I know for a fact that if we didn't have you during the Battle of Sector 001 against the Borg, we wouldn't have survived and limped back to a dry dock."

"Thank you sir." I replied.

"But I think you should take this ship. I know for security, I can't divulge much information about the operation. I'm even sure that Admiral Ross kept some of the important details secret to me, in case I turned out to be a Changeling spy. But he did tell me enough to know that this operation, that he needs you to be a part of. Is vital for the war effort and may help us greatly in future battles with the Dominion."

I sat there, letting this new information sink in.

"I won't pressure you into taking the ship but I feel you needed to know about this operation that it will be a part of. We still have roughly a day till we get to Starbase 11 for repairs. You have till then to decide and come back to me."

"Understood sir," I replied.

"Alright, you may leave now Langley."

"Yes sir and thank you," I said while leaving the room. Entering the bridge I noticed my crew members watching me. Probably wondering what the captain had to say to me. Well they will have to use their own imagination because I'm not telling them what happened. Returning to my Tactical station, I read the layouts and checked the different

phaser stations and torpedo rooms. Everything is good and the shields are running at normal power. Now to just wait for some relaxation later tonight.

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><p>The Lounge for the South Dakota was a spacious area where many officers and crewmembers were able to relax and grab a few drinks of Synthehol or any drink the Replicators and the bartender had. Though the Lounge was quite small compared to Ten Forward on the USS Kyushu, it was still quite comfortable and one of the few design choices left over from the time before Wolf 359. Thankfully they kept it for the crewmembers to relax and even to eat if they didn't want to go to the mess hall on fifth deck.<p>

"Well, well, well, the man of the hour has finally shown up," roared Lieutenant Commander Justin Byers, the Human Operations Officer. "Was starting to think you wouldn't show up because of the new news."

"What news?" I asked, fearing that I already knew the answer.

"Well about your promotion and your own ship, of course!" Byers answered.

I should have known. I should have known that the Captain would leak this out to the crew. "Oh yeah that, it's not official or anythingâ€¦I'm still kind of deciding on the offer."

"What! This is a once in a lifetime for someone your age. I wish I could be getting a ship and a promotion right now like you," said Ensign Isep Gaer, the Efrosian Helmsman.

"Gaer you just got out of the academy, you still have quite a few years before you can get a ship," said Byers.

"Yeah I know, but anyway what ship is it?" Gaer asked.

"A Defiant class. They haven't christened it yet so I don't know the name as of yet."

"Ah nice, those ships are quite nimble and have quite a punch and with that armor they have. Oh, she'll be a fine ship for you." Gaer slapped my arm.

"Yeah it would be," I said.

"Oh look who's coming in." Byers said pointing to the door to the lounge when Lieutenant Anthri T'zyv, the Andorian secondary Tactical officer came in. He waved to her to show where we were. "So have you told her about it yet?" asked Byers with a smirk.

"No I haven't."

"Oh someone's going to be in the dog house now."

"Shush, she's coming you two," said Gaer.

"Hello Gentlemen, mind if I take a seat?" asked T'zyv.

"Go right ahead," said Byers. "So have you heard the news?"

"What news?" she asked.

"Well about our fine tactical officer here getting a promotion and his own ship." Byers slapped me on the shoulder again.

"Well I haven't heard about that now. So tell us Langley, when did they offer you this?" she asked.

Though she hid it well, I could tell from the slight movement of her blue antenna that she was mad. Being around her and other Andorians for so long, you start to notice that most of their emotions are communicated more through their Antenna then by facial and vocal cues. And I could tell that she wasn't happy about this news and being told so late about it. The bartender came by at this time to drop off our usuals, and this gave me some time to prepare for the blow that will eventually come from her.

"It's been about a week or so now. I'm still deciding on taking the promotion." I said watching how she would react to this. She seemed to lighten up a bit, but her antenna still had a slight hint of anger from this.

"So, what is your decision then?" she asked.

"I don't know really, like I said I'm still deciding." I replied.

"Well you better decide quickly before they send that ship to someone else Joseph," said Byers. "Starfleet won't wait forever now and this is a grand opportunity for you. Imagine what you could do with your own ship, oh, I am jealous of you right now. Especially considering I should be getting a Command of my own sooner then you."

"Yeah, I guess I proved myself at some point." I said.

"At some point he says, ha. You saved our necks several times now Langley, against the Borg and now the Dominion. Starfleet would be fools not to give you a fine tactical ship like a Defiant class to command," chimed in Gaer.

"Yeah." I said remembering that time I did fail.

"You will always be too humble to accept praise Joseph," said T'zyv with a slight smirk.

"Oh this boy!" Byers slapped me again. "Your too hard on yourself man. You deserve this offer and you should take it. I mean we'll miss you but we can handle our own when you're gone. Heck, we'll probably win the war faster with you in command of a ship now." Byers laughed.

"Maybe." I took a sip of my Synthehol.

"Well I say let's have a toast," said Gaer. "To Lieutenant Langley and his new ship. May he bring the Dominion and the Cardassians to the negotiation tables."

"Hear, hear," said the group in unison while clinking their glasses

together.

\* \* \*

><p>"Alright, you guys have a good night now." I said to Byers and Gaer outside of the Lounge.<p>

"See you in the morning Langley, T'zyv." Byers smiled his devilish smile. "And don't do anything I wouldn't do now." He laughed, walking away with Gaer.

"Good night Langley and good night T'zyv," said Gaer waving good-bye.

"Good night you two," said T'zyv.

"Good night Gaer," I said. They disappeared around the corner. I looked to Anthi. "We should probably get going as well."

"Lead the way," she said.

We walked in silence toward her quarters. They were the closest of ours and on the same deck. My mind raced about the events this night. The Captain clearly leaked the information about my promotion and the ship offer to my friends, but how far has this information gone? Does the whole ship know about it now? How do I choose? I want to protect everyone here, but if I could help the war effort in a major way with this ship. I might be able to help end this war sooner. But I wouldn't be able to protect the people I care the most about here.

"Here we are." T'zyv broke me from my trance. "Come on in."

We entered her quarters. This is it, the punch I've been expecting all night. The door closed.

"I don't want you to take the promotion," she said.

Phew, might have dodged a bullet there. "I figured as much."

"Is this what you have been thinking about this whole time?"

"Umâ€|yeah, it's been on my mind for a bit."

"I knew something was bugging you. Why didn't you tell me this sooner? We could have talked this through."

"I know, I know, I should have told you. Iâ€|I just don't know what to do. I was going to say no but then tonight and talking with the Captain today. I'm more conflicted now about this than before."

"You want to take the offer?"

"Yes and no, the Captain told me that this ship, will be a part of some operation. An operation that will help the war effort in a huge way. I just, I don't know now." I sat down on her couch.

She sat by me. "Iâ€|we can't protect each other with you gone Joseph. This ship, this crew,â€| I need you here. We're stronger together."

She grabbed my hands and held them. "This ship survives because of you. Without you" she looked down.

"I know." I kissed her hand. "But if I could help bring this war to a quicker end. I could save all of you, especially you from this war. If it continues on and on, the risk of us dying will only get higher."

"The risk of us dying will increase without you here."

"Are you saying that because you're afraid or because you don't want me to go?"

She took her hands from mine and punched me in the shoulder. "You know as well as me that I'm as good as you at the tactical station."

"So you don't want me to go."

"Yes, I don't want you to go. We'll miss our weekly matches." She gave a small laugh.

"Hm, what's the score now I forgot?"

"21 to 15 with me winning." She smiled with triumph.

"That can't be right we've haven't done that many matches now."

"Well I also count the matches in here." She smiled.

"Well now that's not fair." I said.

"Why's that?" She asked.

"Because I want to lose the matches in here." I smiled and she punched me on the shoulder.

"You devilish dog." She smiled. "Let's go for another round now."

"Well now that I know we are keeping track. I won't let you win so easily now."

"Finally giving me a challenge now, good." She said grabbing my hand. "Computer, lights out."

\* \* \*

><p>Red Klaxons shined a red light on the bridge. The constant ringing of the Red Alert alarm in the background. I coughed from the smoke filling the room. Where am I? I looked around and saw debris everywhere and bodies. What is going on? What happened? I started to get up when the ship shook from a hit. We're under attack, but from who? I looked to the tactical station. Lieutenant Commander Brianna Yidsoe was slumped over it. She wasn't moving. I went up to the Trill tactical officer.<p>

"Commander are you alright? Can you move?" I checked her neck pulse. Nothing. I finally looked at her face and saw the metal piece

sticking out of what was once her left eye. Bending over I threw up on the bridge floor. The smell mixing in with the smoke and fire. Returning to Yidsoe, I grabbed her body and laid her down on the floor, closing her right eye.

"Damage report!" I heard from a strained voice. It sounded like Captain Breslin's voice. I moved to the tactical station which was barely operational.

"Shields are gone. Main phaser banks have lost all power and the torpedo rooms are not responding." I yelled out to the bridge.

"Major Hull breaches across the ship. Secondary hull has been severely damaged. Possibility of a warp core breach is 83% likely." Yelled Lieutenant Vor, our Vulcan Operations officer.

I finally looked up from the Tactical station to the view screen. A massive cube dominated the screen, the Borg. That's right, Wolf 359 and I'm on the USS Kyushu, a New Orleans class starship.

"You!" yelled Captain Breslin. "What's your name son?"

"Ensign Langley sir." I said.

"Ensign Langley look to see who else is alive and give them medical treatment. Understood?" he said.

"Yes sir." I grabbed the medical kit under the tactical station and opened the medical tricorder to scan for life.

"Lieutenant Vor, are we essentially dead in the water?"

"Though we are not on an ocean sir. The analogy is correct. We have no way to move under our own power and have no way to defend ourselves," Vor said.

"Damn it, I have no choice then. Computer! Ship wide." The computer chirped recognizing the verbal command. "This is the Captain speaking. All hands. Abandon ship." The alarm for abandon ship started to ring across the ship, signaling to everyone to head to the escape pods.

"Sir, I have a few wounded here but the rest are dead."

"Vor, help the wounded get to an escape pod. Ensign come over here."

"Yes sir." Vor and I said.

I went to the Captain and scanned his vitals. It didn't look good he was dying.

"I know that look son. You don't have to tell me I'm dying, I already know that son." He coughed up blood. "Damn." He sighed looking up at the screen. "Damn, who would have thought that the Borg were so strong. We didn't stand a chance against them."

"Yes sir," I said.

"How long have you served on my ship?" he asked.

"A few months now sir." I answered.

"Hm, so young and so much potential. Listen to me son. Survive, you have to survive this. We'll need survivors after this. After this, nothing will be the same. The old guard dies here with me, with this fleet. It will be the young like you." He coughed again. "It will be the young like you who will take on the mantle now. You have to survive, the Federation has to survive at all costs. Promise me that son. That you will fight to save the Federation."

"I promise sir." I said grabbing his hand. "I promise."

"Good, goodâ€¦| hmm. If only, if only we could have prevented this. Prevented this massacre, this slaughter. If only the Enterpriseâ€¦|couldâ€¦| have stopâ€¦| that shipâ€¦|"

The tricorder ringed, flat lined. I closed the Captain's eyes. "I promise sir, the Federation will survive. At all costs." I closed the tricorder and checked the bridge. Those who had survived the hit were already out.

"Ensign, it's time to leave." Vor said.

I went to the turbolift with Vor. "He's dead."

"I know. Now we must ensure our own survival." He said with that expressionless Vulcan face of his.

We entered the turbolift and moved to the closest escape pod. The turbolift opened up on the fourth deck and we moved to the escape pod.

"Everyone in this area has been evacuated. They are waiting on us now," said Vor.

"Understood sir," I replied.

We reached the escape pod and entered. It was filled with Starfleet personnel and civilians, all injured in some way by the attack. Civiliansâ€¦|how many of them died today with Starfleet personnel? How many deaths could have been avoided, if we just took extra precautions? The Captain was right, this is the point in time, right now, right here, where everything changes. After this battle if the Federation survives, civilians will no longer be allowed on Starships for their safety. The designs, weapons, engines, shields, and everything else about a starship will change because of this one event. Nothing will ever be the same. The escape pod closed its door and I felt the rush of it jettisoning itself out of the ship.

I looked through the small window in the back of the pod to see the battle. All I saw was debris and maybe one or two ships still firing back at the Borg Cube. This was a massacre, the whole fleet destroyed by one ship. How can we defeat such an enemy? Who will save us from them? I watched as the Borg Cube fired on the USS Kyushu, it exploded into a fiery plasma explosion and oh no. "Brace for impact!"

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><p>I awoke screaming, feeling like I was hit by that same piece of debris from the USS Kyushu, all those years back. Sweating and breathing hard, I took a survey of my surroundings.<p>

"Hey what's wrong, are you alright?" said Anthi sitting up.

"Itâ€| it was a nightmare, andâ€|" I said.

She sat up and put her arms around me. Her head resting on my shoulder and her antenna brushing my cheek. "It was Wolf 359 again wasn't it?"

"Yes." I sighed. "It was Wolf 359 all over again."

"This is the third time this month. You have been seeing Lieutenant Nyixaza right?" She asked.

"Yes, I have been going to her sessions. It's helped a bit I think, but this war, the Borg attack. It's just all piling up on me."

"That's why you have me, Byers, and Gaer here. We're here for you."

"Yes I know that but this timeâ€|this time it felt different."

"How so?"

"I remembered more, some of the Captain's last wordsâ€| If only, if only we could have prevented this. Prevented this massacre, this slaughter. I don't usually remember that part."

"Why do you think you remember more now than before?" Anthi asked.

"I think, I think it's my subconscious telling me something and that I should follow what it says. Iâ€| need to take up that ship." I looked at her when I said this. Her antenna looped down, sadness. Her face was hidden, down casted but I knew from her antenna that she didn't want to hear me say that.

"Iâ€| I don't want you to go." She finally mustered to say. "I need you here. With me, beside me. We give each other strength, we give each other hope in this damn war. Every day that you are gone I will worry about your safety. Wondering about which day I will see you on that list of casualties."

"It will be the same for me. But this offer, this opportunity, it might save you, it might save the Federation and bring a quicker end to this war."

"How do you know that that will happen? What if you're supposed to stay here and win the war with us? We can win this war together and survive it but only when we are together."

"You're underestimating yourself. You're strong and determined. You'll survive and beat the Dominion even without me."

"I know that already," she said with some harshness in her voice. "I know already. I just don't want to lose you." She squeezed harder at

this point.

"I know. But if I can help bring this war to a faster end, even if it's an hour, a day, or a week. It will increase your chances of surviving. Every day that this war drags on is another day we risk dying. I want to end this faster and give you the chance to survive. By hitting the Dominion as hard as I can. That's why I need to do this now. So that I can bring this war to a faster end and to keep you alive."

"I can't really change your mind can I?" she said.

"No, I'm afraid that you're right." I said.

She squeezed me again. "Just promise me that you'll come back to me."

I grabbed her hand and squeezed it. "I promise I'll come back and you better be waiting for me."

"I will, I will." She said.

We stayed in that position for some time before we finally laid down again. Tomorrow morning will be the start of a new beginning and hopefully the faster end of this war.

\*\*End of Chapter 1 \*\*

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file.